Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, October 25, 1917 Number 8

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

In Waterside Cemetery, Marblehead, Massachusetts.

In Memoriam

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, Born October 19, 1840.

Here lies the dust of many a mortal frame,
Beside the wave, and under crooning trees;
Remembered only in a marble name?
Their memory transient as the dirging breeze?

These humble fisher-folk who fed their town;
These prophet-ministers who nursed the soul;
These babes whose prattling eased their parents' frown;
These warriors dying to keep Country whole:

Are all indeed as nothing—earth to earth?
Those bodies fed, did they transmit no trace,
Those heroes bring their land no higher birth,
Those children make no sunshine for the race?

And he—our friend, and friend to all the world—
Whose thought shot darkness through with arrowy light;
Whose starry-gleaming insight had unfurled
An earth set free from Chaos and old Night:

He, they, together, shadows? Nay, each hour
Man's life still vibrates with their joy or dread;
Their buried presences still throb with power
And rule earth's destiny—they are not dead.

JAMES H. WEST.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 115
Mercantilism.—DAVID STARR JORDAN 117
Spiritual War Equipment 117

THE PULPIT—
Borderlands. Studies of the Besetting Mysteries from Four Recent Books. II. "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp."—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 120

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED—
Children in War Time.—WM. C. ALLEN 118
How It Looks to a Hollander 119
Helps to High Living.—A. S. Neill 115
Pacifism in England 125

THE STUDY TABLE—
Notes.—H. F. B. 125

POETRY—
In Memoriam—John White Chadwick.—JAMES H. WEST 113
A Soldier's Testament.—*Egnes (Egypt)* 120

THE FIELD—
Books Received 126

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

Recent Publications
of the
World Alliance for International Friendship
105 East 22nd Street
NEW YORK CITY

A New Era in Human History	10
Asia's Appeal to America....	10
A Comprehensive Immigration Policy and Program	10
The Pacific Coast and the New Oriental Policy	10
New Japan and Her Problems.	03
A Square Deal for China.....	03
The Duty of the Churches....	15
The New Task of the Churches.	05
A Challenge to the Churches..	10
America's Asiatic Problem and its Solution in a Nutshell...	03
Total	$0.79

A package containing the above will be mailed postpaid for 25 cents.

House Furnishings
Hardware
Janitor Supplies

Buy At Home
Save Money

Reich Bros.
3972 Cottage Grove Ave.

Carry a Complete line at lowest prices

Telephone Drexel 440

Pay Gas Bills Here
Free of charge

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using
Successful for 33 Years
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
Chicago Office:
Suite 906 Rector Bldg.
79 W. Monroe Street

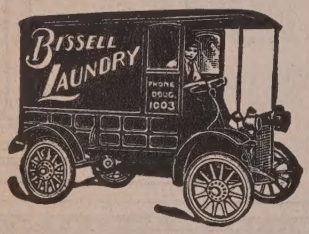
Sample Copies of
UNITY
Sent Upon Application

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
WELBERRY & RAMM, Proprietors
Fancy and Staple Groceries, Meats and Vegetables
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Phones: Drexel 115
Automatic 73-096

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, Pres.
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing



1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
FOUR AUTOMOBILES

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

Bissell Laundry Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street Chicago

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES
Everything in HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM—DOMESTIC
COAL
TELEPHONE YARDS 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

The Blakely-Oswald Printing Co.
PRINTERS and BINDERS
Telephone Wabash 3054 120-124 W. Polk St., CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1917 NUMBER 8

HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.

MON.—Education is thinking; it should deal with great thoughts, with the aesthetic things in life, with life itself.

TUES.—I want to substitute kindness for the word chivalry.

WED.—Somebody, Matthew Arnold, I think, wanted a man who knew everything of something and something of everything. It's a jolly good definition of education.

THURS.—I want to see the land belong to the people, I want to see every unit of the state working for the delight that work, as opposed to toil, can bring.

FRI.—I want to direct this innate desire for gruesome things to the realizing of the most gruesome things—the world—the grinding of soul and body in order to gain profits, the misery of poverty and cold, the weariness of toil.

SAT.—I believe in discipline but it is self discipline that I believe in.

SUN.—Education should prove that the world is out of joint and it should point a Kitchener finger at each child and say, "Your country needs YOU . . . to set it Right."

—From A Dominies' Log by A. S. Neill.

The problem of heredity is still a vital one, notwithstanding the fact that too many people rest their credentials for respect upon ancestry. Genealogy is an uncertain guarantee of respectability, and still the law of descent is profound. Emerson was the product of seven generations of preachers; "Bach" was a name to conjure by in the music world for over a century. The other day there was celebrated in Indianapolis the half-century pastorate of Rabbi Mayer Messing. He represents the seventh generation of rabbis, and he has a son in the ministry. He began his work in Indianapolis a few weeks after his landing in America in 1867. Since then he has been an unsectarian social power as well as a beloved leader of his people, and he is still busy with the work of the Lord which is the work of humanity.

A sympathetic correspondent writes us:

> I am not permitting myself to hate anyone, but this cruel German spirit it seems to me must be crushed. I surely appreciate UNITY's mighty efforts and heroic stand, but I fail to see the solution of these problems of the present hour on an idealistic basis. Surely Romain Rolland and Rolland's life work of interpreting Young Germany to Young France was cruelly shattered. *His day of days will yet come.*

The italics are ours. The correspondent answers himself and concedes the situation. Who are we that we should allow our impatience to interfere with the long range workings of the eternal laws of love and righteousness. The haste and heat that would dismiss the ideal and deny its claim because the workings of the eternal will is deliberate come dangerously near petulance. The little child cries because its bedtime is come, and objects to the painfully slow processes of bathing and dressing, but these trials introduce him to the beauty and joy of another day.

"Debridement" is to us a new word in surgery. It is described as a treatment of wounds that involves a "scrubbing of it out and laundering it." A description of it says that "for wounds that go right through from one side of the limb to the other a good sized strip of gauze is pushed through, then the surgeon takes hold of the two ends, one in each hand, and saws backward and forward so as to clean and scrub out all dead or badly damaged tissues." This process is said to leave the wounds in a condition favorable to remarkable speedy recovery, and has saved many thousands of lives and still more limbs. This treatment is again not only in the line of modern surgery but of modern ethics. It is as good a treatment for a mangled community as it is for a mangled limb. Cleanliness, simple old-fashioned soap and water cleanliness, is the surest way of healing municipal wounds. Remove the gangrene, get rid of the filth and nature will do the rest.

The characteristic of this country is its immediacy. It must have things come about at once. We are interested in that which brings forth fruit speedily. Farmers seldom replant their orchards. They cannot wait the ten years till the trees begin to bear. Dwarf trees have the preference, bearing a few apples in a few years. Few of us care for posterity, and most of us have all we can do to care for ourselves. The day after tomorrow is far off; the year after next is lost in eternity. Morning papers die of old age in the afternoon. Such a characteristic has its curse and its significance. It tends to cheap performance; it robs the future. But on the other hand it may be regarded as significant of the fact that these are the days when things come true. We are living in days of fulfilment. The prophecies of the past are merging into realities. We are at the focal point of evolution. A million lines of tendency meet in the living present. Why look beyond or behind? The greatness is here! C. W. C.

The brief but effective career of Reverend Gertrude von Petzold in the United States is fresh in the minds of many. Her pastorate over the Unitarian

Church at Des Moines, Iowa, and her widely extended lecturing impressed everybody with her sincerity and ability. For eighteen years, according to the *Christian Commonwealth,* she had a successful ministry in England, but the spelling of her name banished her when the war came, and we learn from the *Commonwealth* that her work with the American church in Berlin has come to an end. She writes to the editor of the *Christian Commonwealth*:

> I am now living at the dear little old-world town of Tübingen, teaching English and studying some more theology and English literature. If the English people only spent half the time and energy on the study of the German language and literature that we do on theirs, they would be better able to appreciate the fact that there is no race which is so much akin to them in mind and heart as the German. I for one have much faith in the future, when the democracies of the world will reconstruct human society on a wider and more Christ-like basis.

UNITY sends its greeting to this sister of the prophetic faith, and rejoices in the fellowship that reaches to Berlin and overrides all geographical, race and theological boundaries.

"Young men always preach on great themes" is a saying attributed to the saintly Henry Ware to the Harvard theological students of two generations ago. Such themes are offered to the Protestant preachers through the current Sundays in October and November, when the 400th anniversary of the birth of Protestantism is to be commemorated. The nailing of his theses by the poor, obscure monk, Martin Luther, on the church door at Wittenburg is assigned to the 31st day of October, 1517. The preacher may choose for his anniversary Sunday the 28th of October or the 4th of November, but we suspect few thoughtful preachers will be content with one Sunday's commemoration. Many November programs are devoted to this great quatro-centennial, one of the truly Liberty Days in human history. Our neighbor, Reverend Fred A. Moore of the Universalist Church on the West Side, is giving four sermons on the following topics: October 21, "The Protestant Reformation"; October 28, "The World's Debt to Martin Luther"; November 4, "The Evolution of Christian Theology since Luther," and November 11, "The Evolution of Christian Ethics since Luther." All Souls Church at the Abraham Lincoln Centre announces for November 4th its usual Harvest Festival and thirty-fifth anniversary of the Church. On November 11th the topic will be "The Spiritual Fore-Elders of Martin Luther"; on November 18th, "Martin Luther, a Prophet of Democracy, the Voice of the Common People"; November 25th, "The Spiritual Sons of Martin Luther or Lutheranism Brought Down to Date."

The United States has gone laboriously into the publicity business. Every mail brings to editors of current papers "canned editorials," prepared by the Departments, distributed under Government frank and marked "for immediate release." Among the recent editorial comments generously offered by the Government for the columns of UNITY, one tells us that "Christianity is at war with aristocracy and that under the guidance of President Wilson we are on the side of humanity, which means *God's side.*" Perhaps this is so. Is Christianity so definite a commodity that the Government can claim it as a campaign associate? Is Autocracy all on one side and Christianity all on the other side among the nations of the world today? Editors are also informed that a high official of the Catholic societies says that "Catholics will do their full share of any task which President Wilson maps out for them." The Food Administration Department has special consideration for "religious editors" and consequently has a Doctor of Divinity employed to furnish ready-made material for the columns of the religious press. A recent bulletin offers a collection of "Food Conservationisms" which contains interesting facts and suggestions concerning waste in eggs, canned goods, Johnny cake and fuel problems. This "religious editor" tells us that the churches have been chosen for service in the food administration as the "one permanent and far-reaching organization that can put such a program through." All this may represent commendable patriotism, but patriotism should not necessarily need to ignore the cannons of good literature, good taste and the dignities and courtesies that belong to the State, whose indepedence of and freedom from the church is one of its corner stones.

Notwithstanding its continued adherence to its life long distrust of and disbelief in war as a means of advancing the Kingdom of God; notwithstanding its increasing faith that the Peace, for which all the nations are praying, is to come through negotiation, conciliation and council, rather than through bloody victories, UNITY, contrary to the apprehension of many friends, is losing no subscribers, but is making new friends. Never has there been so many inquiries for sample copies and other information. Our circulation manager tells us that probably not more than a dozen have withdrawn their subscriptions for the above reason, while the morning's mail on date of this writing brings eight new subscribers. And before us lies side by side words of cheer from Alaska and Massachusetts. The latter sends for extra copies of "the invaluable paper." These very small straws may indicate the quiet trend of the current. We believe that there is an immense constituency, not only in the United States but in all the perturbed nations, that is weary of the belligerency of the press, platform and church. UNITY would feign plead for those who

have no adequate representative, and voice the prophetic cry of the human soul as interpreted by the poets, prophets, sages and saviors of history. Love is mightier than hate. Truth needs not the defense of murderous weapons. Justice cannot in the long run be established by slaughter. That UNITY, under these conditions, represents a minority is obvious. That this minority is insignificant or negligible we will not believe. We are not intimidated by numbers. However thin the line of the pacifists may be we are content to be counted in it, and happy if we can in any way serve the advancing column, but we would like to find our kindred and we will be obliged to any friends who will aid in the recruiting service for this unarmed army of those who believe that the higher victories often rest upon the banners of the defeated. Reader, if you are with UNITY can you help in extending its list?

Mercantilism

The Imperialism of Rome was no altruistic affair, and empires which succeeded it rested on force and went down in blood. The beginning of overseas empire began in 1493, in which year the pope divided the seas between Spain and Portugal, Portugal having all east of the present west line of Brazil and Spain all the west. These nations became mistresses of the seas, and both ruled barbarous tribes with a high hand. This was the age of "Mercantilism," a pleasant term applied to the robbery of savages. This business was financially profitable but exhausting to the manhood of the nations involved. In time Spain, as well as Portugal, drooped and fell exhausted by sea power, imperialism and religious intolerance. With the Treaty of Münster religious wars and feudal combats came to an end, to be followed at intervals by wars better organized but equally destructive, in the interests of dynastic succession, or for the control of colonial gold and species.

From the time that Rome subdued the Iberians of Spain, down to the seventeenth century, the Spaniards were the greatest of soldiers. Their long struggle for the conquest of the Netherlands, together with the armies sent over seas, practically exhausted the elements of Spanish leadership. The Inquisition was also more wasteful and more cruel in Spain than anywhere else. It led to the virtual extinction of those who could think and act for themselves in religion or in public life.

"This is Castile," said a Spanish knight. "She makes men and wastes them." "This sublime and terrible phrase sums up Spanish history."

After the downfall of Spanish Imperialism and after the long and fruitless wars in the Netherlands, the greatest human catastrophe was the career of Napoleon. Originally a man of the people, admirable as a lawgiver and administrator, the enmity of "the gouty old kings" surrounding the republic of France led Napoleon to undertake their chastisement. In this last he was signally successful. His superior military ability and the prowess of his followers gave him constantly extending power. At last, for varied reasons, not the least being the destruction of more than two millions of his ablest followers, the great empire he had built up by the domination of Europe "collapsed like a house of cards," leaving a nation relatively exhausted, unable to recover itself for upwards of seventy-five years.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Spiritual War Equipment

The fifty years that have intervened since American boys were summoned to the colors and civilians were marshalled into armies have witnessed a great change in armament. The reach of the cannon has been lengthened. The rapidity of musket firing has been immensely increased. The crucial battle lines have been transferred above the earth and below the sea waves, and the marching and the raiding on land have given way to the entrenched hosts.

But this change in the physical environment of the soldier is being paralleled with a similar change in the spiritual environment. Chaplaincy in the Union armies of '61 to '65 was a negligible element. Few regiments carried their chaplains through the war and few chaplains under conditions then existing were able to make a constituency and leave a mark upon the lives whose interests they had in charge. The National Sanitary Commission did much to reinforce the medical department. The unsystematic and irregular visits of its agents with their meagre supplies of onions, jellies and potatoes, were benignant but painfully inadequate and infrequent. Now the Red Cross, lifted into internationalism by Clara Barton of blessed memory, is mobilizing the women and children with a military efficiency, and the Y. M. C. A., profiting by their organized achievements in cities and camps, are establishing "social centers" in every camp. These centers deserve a more dignified and significant title than that which in a sentimental mood has been assigned to them. Their buildings are not "huts" but "halls." Architecturally and psychically they are improvised homes for the homeless and a clearing house for the amenities and the humanities of the camp. Not only writing material and postage stamps but the convenient table and the comfortable room, a place for innocent games and harmless relaxation are provided.

The Y. M. C. A. has undertaken to administer the

lesiure of the camps and in every way possible to feed the mind and engage the heart.

The suggestion which the authorities of the Y. M. C. A. are about to make, that a fund of thirty-five million dollars be raised to meet these intangible wants of the boys in the field, is worthy of most cordial support on the part of the American people.

Speaking from the dreary recollection of a three years' life in camp as a private soldier, we plead with the administrators of these spiritual equipments to remember that an American army will always contain a large investment of brains. The studious program of many a young man has been interrupted. Their college curriculi has been interfered with. Why should there not be careful provision made to encourage and protect these boys in the continuance of their studies. Is it not possible to inaugurate a "college extension" branch in every regiment? Much high academic work is being done in these days through correspondence. Why may not this branch of study be extended from civic into military life. Many men of large acquirements in science, literature and art are to be found among the officers and privates of any American regiment. Can they not be utilized? Is it not possible for the Y. M. C. A. to arrange Regimental Forums, lyceums, courses of lectures by "home talent" courses in the study of literature and improvised schools of art conducted by home talent during leisure hours?

Romain Rolland speaks of a German entymologist who calmly pursued his studies while a prisoner of war on French territory. He spent his "spare time" in diligently enlarging his collection of insects.

If the introduction of scientific studies, the enlargement of the soldier's acquaintance with the lasting things in literature and the cultivation of a taste for high music should create a disgust of war, give a vision of the better way of settling disputes, and promote in the ranks of contending armies an international spirit that would minimize the national hatreds, so much the more beneficent.

Is it too much to believe that within the ranks of the embattled hosts of the twentieth century there are pent up forces ready to be released and led in such a way as to hasten the day when war drums will be heard no more and battle flags will be furled?

A camera man, working for the educational department of a film company, met an old farmer coming out of a house in the town where he was working, and explained his presence in these words:

"I have just been taking some moving pictures of life out on your farm."

"Did you catch any of my laborers in motion?" asked the old man curiously.

"Sure, I did."

The farmer shook his head reflectively, then said: "Science is a wonderful thing."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Children in War Time

We count real estate, stocks, bonds, jewels and motor cars as assets, and so they are. We watch over them, and it is well to do so. But the transcendent assets of our homes and of the nation are our children. They should be our glory and our pride. Shall we not take very good care of them?

A time of war is particularly hard on children. This is borne witness to in a remarkable report made last year (1916) by the United Board of Sunday School Organizations in England, and signed by eminent Sunday School workers representing the non-conformist bodies of that country. Statistics revealed a tremendous increase of juvenile crime. Sir Edward Troup, Under Secretary at the Home Office, declared that punishable offences had grown in seventeen of the largest towns in England about 40 per cent. "There are more charges of assault, malicious damage, gaming and offences against Education Acts." The report further intimated that "Inevitably children are learning to rely upon material forces" instead of upon "the power of love, unselfishness and consideration for others." "The type of patriotism too often presented to the children is narrow and self-satisfied." The report spoke of the virtues that had been "entirely subordinated to the major military purpose." It tells of "unwillingness to learn," of impatience with discipline and of a rush to amusements. As nearly as we can learn Germany has had an even more bitter experience.

Prominent educators and social workers in this country are urging us to profit by the trials of other lands, and to do all that we possibly can to eliminate some of these exceedingly dangerous by-products of war. America is now face to face with this problem. How shall we meet it?

Some conscientiously feel that military training for boys will promote habits of self-control and other virtues. Leading educators and military men deny the value of such a system. A commission of eminent educators, after a careful investigation of one year's duration, reported adversely, with respect to such training, at the great National Educational Association's meeting at Portland, Oregon, in the summer of 1917. This should be very authoritative.

It is no aspersion on our splendid young girlhood to recognize, what leading social workers and members of the United States government have implied to be a fact, that war with its unnatural excitements is a time of peculiar temptation to young womanhood. Some feel that school control, with suitable instruction on the part of the teachers, will be sufficient to steady youthful minds in this time of trial. But experience with both boys and girls proves that something more than school life is required. Legislation does not meet the issue. Even church influence, whilst tending to guide young folks into lives of individual and national usefulness, is discovered to be very inadequate in proportion to the needs of the hour.

Where shall we go? What shall we do? Does not the highest interest of our children, intellectual, physical and spiritual, appeal to us? Does not family life, with its marvelous possibilities of hallowed joys, claim our alertness in this matter? Does not the state rightly demand that we contribute our full share,

through correct administration of child life, to the imperative moral and intellectual necessities of family and national life?

Men and women entrusted with the care of young people have a magnificent trusteeship. Beyond all human estimate of material wealth is the value of the child. Far and away beyond all computation of the value of the child is that of its immortal soul. As trends the soul, so goes the body—as is the soul in aggregate, so will be the strength or weakness of the state.

Does there not come a mighty cry from God that parents do their duty? If in our homes we speak of fear, unrighteous gains, oppressions and of "hands full of blood," so will drift the hearts of our children. If our minds are filled with excessive excitement, so will it be with them. If we think and speak of the things that are honorable, just and pure, so will they incline. If our hearts are clean they will mostly understand the beauty of our well-ordered lives, and be disposed to emulate us. The difficulties of discipline will then be minimized. Children are by nature idealists. There is no grip like the grip of love.

If the bodies, brains and souls of our boys and girls are in all best things to be serviceable to the nation; if the perilous cancer of pleasure-seeking, money grabbing and assertiveness is to be cut out in the next generation; if our splendid America is to hold forth an emblem of light, liberty, law and love to a war-sick world; if patriotism of the exalted sort burns today in our own bosoms, we will see to it that home life reflects the Christ-life, and that those imperishable assets—our beautiful children—are thus conserved for the days to come.

San Jose, Cal. WM. C. ALLEN.

How It Looks to a Hollander

Dr. B. de Jong Van Beek en Donk, an eminent jurist in Holland, secretary of the "Organisation Centrale pour la Paix Durable," received from a friend in New York, under date of May 10, a letter containing the following words:

We rather expect in this country that the war will be prolonged on account of the United States entering, because I suppose now the Allies will want to have a peace *with victory,* whereas, if we had not come in, there might have been something resembling a draw. Do not let Europe misunderstand.

The American people will go into this war as heavily as France and England and if it should happen that the Allies are temporarily beaten we would not stop fighting, I believe, until we had put eighteen or twenty million men in the field. The American people are slow to wrath, but when they go in they have always in the past "seen it through," and they will do so this time.

Let us pray, however, for a speedy peace somehow and some way."

We are permitted to quote the following from the reply of the Dutch jurist:

"I was greatly interested to read what you said about the probable prolongation of the war on account of the United States having entered, and thank you for warning us that Europe is not to underrate the strength of America. We are fully aware of the fact, and have tried to bring it to the knowledge of our friends in Germany, for we thought it useful that the Germans should know it also. Nevertheless, it would seem to me regrettable if the Allies were now indeed strengthened in their determination not to give up fighting, until the longed for "Peace with Victory" is achieved. Already, we objective neutrals have been sadly impressed by the contents of President Wilson's note to the Russian government and of his last speech. We wonder how a man, who, with so much talent and pure feeling, set forth the necessity of peace without victory on January 22, can suddenly have acquired such different views. It has been a great disappointment to the democratic friends of a durable peace. We have been able to understand Mr. Wilson's declaration of war, and have been annoyed by the German papers which at that moment suddenly started offending and attacking the President. We understand his reasons so well, that to a certain extent we admired him for having declared the war. For we hoped that Mr. Wilson, holding it necessary to spend all American strength in order to destroy the victory of the German military party and by forcing the Germans to accept his peace program, which was the program for all true pacifists, would nevertheless be proud and strong enough to remain the great impartial, who would, in an unprejudiced way, judge the demands of the European belligerents and adapt them in accordance with the welfare of the world at large. We had hoped and trusted that it would be possible for Wilson, the philosopher, to act in such a fashion as to enable the good specimens amongst the German nation to continue to regard Wilson "the enemy" as their spiritual leader. Instead of all this, the President now "cries with the wolves" and utters commonplace war phrases used by every belligerent in an almost mechanical manner, so that not even the moderate Germans can support him any longer. This has been a real defeat for the "Wilson Party" in Germany and has decreased their influence considerably, whilst it has encouraged autocracy and militarism. His attitude is most deplorable indeed. I know that the greater part of neutral Europe shares my views on this subject, even those whose sympathies are on the side of the Entente.

Germany will not be beaten militarily for several years to come, and a revolution in Germany is not to be expected so long as the *Entente* powers persist in their present arrogance. President Wilson is sure to know this as well as anybody. And yet he thinks that a prolongation of this world-misery for many years is to be preferred to an early peace which might be called forth if the governments of the *Entente,* by using moderate language, induced the numerous moderate elements in Germany to compel their government to make peace proposals in accordance with President Wilson's speech in the Senate.

I hope that you will think it fit to have this opinion on Mr. Wilson's procedure, which prevails in the circles of his most enthusiastic admirers, spread amongst your friends.

The Frankfürter Zeitung, the most widely circulated journal in Germany, said (about July 10):

"The last few days have revealed an unprecedented collapse, the collapse of the Pan-German policy of illu-

sion, or, to speak plain German, Pan-German swindle. A light has been lighted in the Reichstag which, it is to be hoped, will reach the furthest circles of the German people. That is a victory, an advance which will bring us a good bit nearer, not only peace, but political maturity and greatness for Germany. For before Europe can be itself again, this pest of covetous jingoism must be expelled. We will quite frankly admit that it had gradually assumed with us forms endangering domestic and foreign policy in a measure as great as in any other country."

A SOLDIER'S TESTAMENT.

If I come to die
In this inhuman strife,
I grudge it not if I
By laying down my life,
Do aught at all to bring
A day of charity,
When pride of lord or king
Un-powerful shall be
To spend the nation's store,
To spill the people's blood;
Whereafter evermore
Humanity's full flood
Untroubled on shall roll
In a rich tide of peace
And the world's wondrous soul
Uncrucified increase.
But if my life be given
Merely that lords and kings
May say: "We well have striven
See! Where our banner flings
Its folds upon the breeze,
(Thanks, noble sirs, to you!)
See! how the lands and seas
Have changed their pristine hue."
If after I am dead
On goes the same old game,
With monarchs seeing red
And ministers aflame,
And nations drowning deep
In quarrels not their own,
And peoples called to reap
The woes they have not sown;
If all we who are slain
Have died, despite our hope,
Only to twist again
The old kaleidoscope—
When, then, by God! we're sold!
Cheated and wronged! Betrayed!
Our youth and lives and gold
Wasted—the homes we'd made
Shattered—in folly blind,
By treachery and spite,
By cowardice of mind,
And little men and light!
If there be none to build
Out of this ruined world
The temple we have willed,
With our flag there unfurled,
If rainbow none there shine
Across these skies of woe,
If seed of yours and mine
Through this same hell must go,
Then may my soul and those
Of all who died in vain
(Be they of friends or foes)
Rise and come back again
From peace that knows no end,
From faith that knows not doubt,
To haunt and sere and rend
The men that sent us out.

—*Egnes (Egypt).*

The Nation, London, England.

THE PULPIT

Borderlands

Studies of the Besetting Mysteries from Four Recent Books

II.

"The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp"

William H. Davies
The hidden resources of a soul

Sermon Preached October 14, 1917, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON

Father, make a "song of joy" our experience today, open our eyes to the glory of the world in which we live, unstop our ears that we may hear the harmonies, the promise, the prophecy all round us. Touch our hearts with tenderness, that we may feel thy love breaking through and disintegrating the rocks of hate. Touch our hearts again, Father, with a sense of our kinship to the brotherhood that links us to the farthest and the weakest, the meanest and poorest. Father, help us to realize that in these obscure ways thou dost work thy purpose. Make us better brothers, braver defenders of the right, more valiant representatives of love, heroic witnesses to the ties that bind and the calls to duty that ever lure us onward, upward, nearer and ever nearer to thee. Amen.

There has recently been made available to American readers a book which surprised, startled and awakened great interest in England ten years ago. It is entitled the "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp." The author since the appearance of this book has taken his place solidly and clearly among the living poets of England. His name appears confidently in the lists with those of Masefield, Gibson and the other poets whom we are learning to be interested in. The story from beginning to end is what it purports to be, the story of a wanderer, one who for five years tramped through the United States, reaching from the summer resorts on the eastern coast to chilly days in Canada. He lived through the vicissitudes of berry picking, canal digging, met the dangers of Chicago, sailed down the Mississippi in a houseboat, encountered malaria and the quinine remedies of the lower Mississippi, witnessed the lynching of a colored man, saw the seamy side of New Orleans, and penetrated into the heart of Texas. He crossed the ocean eighteen times on cattle and sheep boats, from Baltimore to Liverpool and from Liverpool back again to Baltimore on to Montreal.

At last, haunted by this restless urge, he starts for Klondyke borne thither on the gold-thirsting tide. In attempting to catch a through train that would carry him to Winnipeg from a little obscure town in Canada, he falls under the train and loses a foot. He is carried to the hospital and experiences the hospitalities of simple people. He must submit to a second operation. Though hanging between life and death he is not afraid of death. Finally he wins his way back home a cripple. With the urge out of his soul, he tries to right himself, but the restlessness in the blood, inflamed by the attendant desire always of the tramp and tramp life, the artificial stimulant of drink, leads him to give two years more to the experiences and the vicissitudes of a tramp, a peddler. He becomes a beggar in England without the compensations of the freer America

of the open country and the hospitality that challenged his admiration.

All this time he was hunted by a restless sense that he was made for other things. All this time books lured him, the libraries wherever he went attracted him. All this time, under all these conditions, he was writing, writing, writing. In the last venture he determines to break through into print. Copy after copy of his first long poem was sent to publisher after publisher, always returned. He undertook numerous ventures in publishing his own wares, peddled them from house to house, but still the same unresponsive public kept him within the tramp limitations of one who begged as a vagabond and a castaway. "Who is that," called a lady from an upper floor to the maid down below. "A tramp who is selling slips of poetry." She threw a penny down and said, "Give him that, but be sure you don't take anything from him." This is typical.

At last through various devices and ventures he succeeded in printing a thin little brown book, an edition of two hundred and fifty copies and he must needs pay the proof reader well for seeing it into type. The publisher sent out some seventy copies, editorial copies we would say, with no response. He himself mailed six copies to book lovers and successful people, his meager pennies furnishing the postage stamps. Two of them came back with the price indicated. One of them brought thanks and the book was kept with no money sent. The fourth brought word from an officer of the Charity Organization. Some kind hearted woman had asked the charity organization to look the man up. He was "examined" and the report was unfavorable because he was doing nothing. He must "go to work" if he expected any sympathy. All this time he was going about England with his wooden leg, peddling shoe-laces, needles, etc.

At last Bernard Shaw, blessed be his name, thought he had discovered in those lines the promise of something better and wrote him so, though he was surprised to find his address given as the "Farmhouse." Shaw in his innocence did not know that in that section of the city there was room for a farm of the most modest dimensions. The Farmhouse turned out to be the alluring name of a tramp-house, where down-and-outs found refuge, where the cost of lodging was counted in pennies and the opportunity of cooking one's own meals was offered. It subsequently transpired that some of these poems were returned by people who were more pious than sociological and who said no good could come out of that "Farmhouse." But ultimately Bernard Shaw's befriending and the power of his name with newspapers, book reviewers and would be socialists brought recognition.

Now the tide was turned. Letters came in abundance. Reviews flew throughout England and in a short space of eight years he has put out seven books that have stood the test of the market. They are sold on their own merit and not under sufferance of any society. Out of these seven books an American publisher has at last ventured to publish "The Collected Poems," by William H. Davies.

This roughly is the wonderfully simple, frank, ingenuous story as it is told in "The Autobiography of a Tramp." The author tells us with the simplicity of a child of the loss of his foot, the kindness by the way, of the skill of the American tramp and the response he receives. The Baltimore and Ohio is the best railroad on which to steal a ride, he tells us. Oftentimes the brakemen are kind enough to tell you where you had better start, where you can best get off and how and where you must go to avoid the officials. He tells us that the American tramp watches the Cross and follows it into the sections of the city where Catholics abide. He tells us that the tramp avoids the prosperous cities of the pure Americans and seeks those in which may be found a large foreign element, where there are manufactories and poor people. The tramp has learned to avoid the main streets. He likes to go into the blind alleys.

All this and more comes out in a marvelous way in this "incredible" story that is fortified by such internal evidence as cannot be disputed and by the guarantee of such men as Bernard Shaw and now plenty of others.

The titles of these books are interesting:

"The Soul's Destroyer," which first appeared in 1906, the little unpromising brown book.

"New Poems," in 1907,
"Nature Poems," in 1908,
"Farewell to Poesy, 1910,
"Songs of Joy," 1911,
"Foliage," 1913, and
"The Bird of Paradise," in 1914.

There are some other interesting facts that come out in the story of this poet tramp. He is a grandfather and grandmother's boy. He does not remember his father. His mother married again and William, an imbecile brother, a sister, a maid, dog, cat, parrot, dove and canarybird went into the home of the grandmother. They lived on the confines of Wales. His father was born in Cornwall. The name and the setting would indicate that the family was Welsh. His grandfather was a master of a little ship. William was born in a public house, and "mulled beer" was offered him with his mother's milk. He never knew the time when drink, first beer and then stronger liquors, did not have a charm for him.

Of course he was an early fighter on the school grounds. He was captain of a football team. He received twelve strokes from a birch rod by order of the magistrate of the town in which he lived because he and some chums had pilfered sweets from a confectionery store.

His early life became irksome. Sunday and chapel were tyrannical. He had a companion by the name of "Dave" who shared with him his dreams and his love of poetry. They became enamored of Byron. Davies was indifferent to Wordsworth but in later years he gave him attention. His grandmother read but one novel in her life, "The Children of the Abbey," and warned him against such reading, but recommended Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Young's "Night's Thoughts." "Procrastination is the thief of time," was her favorite quotation. He was early apprenticed to the picture-frame business. He visited playhouses on the sly and read articles on the defense of the stage. He was enamored of his own company and disliked the available associates that were round him. He was irritated by their slang. His first composition he submitted to a young woman when in his second year's apprenticeship. After the close of

his apprenticeship he worked four months and then escaped in his twenty-first year. He found work for six months in Bristol. His grandmother's estate was left in the hands of trustees and yielded each of the three children about ten shillings a week. The trustees advanced him fifteen pounds so that he might go to America. He found a companion on the way who told him that they could travel without money in America and initiated him immediately on his arrival here into the mysteries of tramp life.

His impressions of America were favorable and remained so to the end. Particularly was he impressed with the grace, courtesy and beauty of American women. He discovered that they were not found behind the bar dealing out intoxicants as in England. He also found that Cockneys made good beggars. And when the weather closed in in America his guide told him that Michigan was the haven of tramps in winter time because there they were admitted into the jails, where the living was good, the building warm and oftentimes good fellowship. So they went from one jail to another. One judge asked them "for how long?" and they said thirty days was the longest sentence they considered enjoyable. At the end of that time they would travel to the next county and oftentimes found themselves practically members of the sheriff's family and allowed the courtesies that could come from a well established sheriff. Berry-picking was a Michigan resource. At one time he so ingratiated himself as a lad of twenty-one with an honest German couple that they seriously proposed to him that he should stay with them throughout their lives and having no children he should inherit their property. But the wanderlust was in his blood and with $100 in his pocket he came to Chicago. He found a job working on the drainage canal, from there he went to St. Louis, down the river and then back again. He camped awhile on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, then to Baltimore again and among the cattle drivers where he met again "Washington Shorty," "New York Fatty," Philadelphia Slim," "Oklahoma Sam," "Wee Shorty," "The Kid," "Pennsylvania Dutchy," "Windy," "Australian Red." Some of these had begged Baltimore for ten years and knew every good house. He was distressed by the cruelty to the cattle and was strongly tempted to escape the scene. Green hands were paid thirty shillings and round passage with two weeks at the other end of the line. Experts received two pounds.

After these five years of American experience he found himself with $500 accumulated at home from his grandmother's bequest and he faced London. He had ambition to start a book store, not so much to sell the books as to have them to read.

But about this time, when he had almost gained the mastery of himself, the Klondyke excitement came. He falls in with Three-Fingered Jack, loses his foot in boarding a train with the result I have intimated. The kind hearted Canadians, knowing his pathetic story and crippled condition, showered him with kindnesses, gave him reading matter, among which, recognizing his tramp instincts, were "Freddie's Friend," "Little Bille's Button" and "Sally's Sacrifice." These were courteously laid aside while he revelled among the more solid books within his reach.

Back in London he found a home in the "Ark," the Salvation Army shelter, but it did not recommend itself to him either on account of its poor cooking or the spirit there displayed. He of course had to deal with the "Charity Organization" and he early found that the object of the organization was not the giving of charity but the prevention of waste and to minimize if possible the demand on the purses of the wealthy. The "Farmhouse" I have already spoken of and the story of his final triumph is not for me to tell this morning.

Let me allow him to speak for himself a few moments. He says:

> On reaching St. Louis I still had something like $40, and being tired of my own thoughts, which continually upbraided me for wasted time, resolved to seek some congenial fellowship, so that in listening to other men's thoughts I might be rendered deaf to my own.

Later on he says:

> I certainly got some enjoyment out of life, but now and then the waste of time appalled me, for I still had a conviction that I was born to a different life.

After he had had his accident he says:

> I was soon home again, having been away less than four months; but all the wildness had been taken out of me, and my adventures after this were not of my own seeking, but the result of circumstances.

Again he says:

> Alas! I have been unfortunate all my life in believing that there were a great number of rich people who were only too eager to come forward and help talent in distress.

What a simple minded boy!

> Ambition took possession of me, stronger than ever. It filled me with vexation to think that I was no nearer to my object. . . . The happiness and stir of Nature at the spring of the year began to fill me with her own energy.

After weeks of disappointment, not having received any returns from his poor little stock of books, he writes:

> I swore a great oath that these copies, good or bad, should maintain me until the end of the year.

At last he speaks, without giving the name, of the "kindness of a playwriter Irishman, as to whose mental qualifications the world is divided, but whose heart is unquestionably great," who recognized his claim to respect as an author.

He continually felt his homelessness and would have burned the stock of books if he could have done it without the humiliation of being detected.

> Side by side with the scenes of quarreling I placed my ideal, which was a small comfortable room with a cosy fire at which I sat surrounded with books.

He speaks of a companion up in Canada:

> Poor Bob! He sat on his bed and tried to throttle himself night after night—this simple, impulsive and childlike man. I felt like standing to his side, before the outraged face of his Maker, so great was my pity for him.

Two bright spots are discovered in the marvelous life of this super-tramp. I have already spoken of the turning point in his career when Bernard Shaw sent him a note concerning his book and asked him for further information. Of the other bright spot, let him tell himself:

> It was in the second year of my apprenticeship that I met a young woman living in a small village adjoining this town of my birth, who was very clever, a great reader of fine literature; and it was to her hands, after I had enjoyed her conversation on several occasions, that I submitted a small composition of my own. Her encouragement at that early time has been the star on which these eyes have seldom closed, by which I have successfully navigated the deeps of

misery, pushing aside Drink, my first officer, who many a day and many a night endeavored to founder me. She was the first to recognize in my spirit something she had seen and recognized in her books, but had never before met in a living person. I had known her only six months when she died, but her words of encouragement have been ringing in my ears ever since they were uttered.

This sympathetic school girl at the one end of the marvelous tale and a responsive Irishman, a writer of plays, at the other, have lifted the life so that I am here today to preach a sermon on it.

In a book on "Studies of Contemporary Poets," Mary C. Sturgeon, writing of Davies in the light of this astounding biography, recalls her feeling of

. . . rage against the stupidity of life which brings genius to birth so carelessly, endowing it with appetites too strong for the will to tame and senses too acute for the mind to leash until the soul had been buffeted and the body maimed.

She says his "verse sings because it must for sheer love of itself." "Mr. Davies is quite the jolliest of modern poets."

His first book, "The Soul's Destroyer," is slim, sombre, almost insignificant in its paper wrappers. But its looks belie it. It is in fact nothing less than a flame of courage, a shining triumph of the spirit of humanity."

In another connection Mrs. Sturgeon writes:

W. H. Davies, for whom genius, temperament and circumstance have effected a happy isolation from the complexity of modern existence. Owing allegiance chiefly to nature, he is free as the air in body and soul. Unspoilt by books, and saving his spirit humane and merry and sweet from the petty constraints of civilization, he carols as lightly as a robin or a thrush.

His simple songs have escaped the intensities, extravagances and defiances of the modern free verse people. There are no "problems" here. The poems are simple as those of the older English poets with whom he has been compared.

We find in his work first the joys of nature. In one of his poems he apologizes to the cows for staring at them so long, because in another connection he says, "For a rainbow and a nightingale's song may never come together again."

Out of the most dire circumstances he is a joyous singer. He glories in the robin who sings in the face of winter's cruel weather.

How he sings for joy this morn!
  How his breast doth pant and glow!
Look you how he stands and sings,
  Half-way up his legs in snow!

If these crumbs of bread were pearls,
  And I had no bread at home,
He should have them for that song;
  Pretty Robin Redbreast, come.

In another song he finds his singer defying "bare branches and flying leaves."

No other sound is heard,
  Save from those boughs so bare—
Hark! who sings that one song?
  'Tis Robin sings so rare.
How sweet! Like those sad tunes
  In homes where grief's not known;
Or that a blind girl sings
  When she is left alone.

But he is also the poet of the lonely heart. He apologizes for his escape to the country this way:

This life is sweetest; in this wood
I hear no children cry for food;
I see no woman white with care,
No man with muscles wasting here.

No doubt it is a selfish thing
To fly from human suffering;
No doubt he is a selfish man
Who shuns poor creatures sad and wan.

But 'tis a wretched life to face
Hunger is almost every place;
Cursed with a hand that's empty, when
The heart is full to help all men.

Can I admire that statue great
When living men starve at its feet!
Can I admire the park's green tree,
A home for homeless misery!

When I can see few men in need,
I then have power to help by deed,
Nor lose my cheerfulness in pity—
Which I must do in every city.

For when I am in those great places,
I see ten thousand suffering faces;
Before me stares a wolfish eye,
Behind me creeps a groan or sigh.

In a poem entitled "Strong Moments" he says:

The strongest moment of my life
  Is when I think about the poor;
When, like a spring that rain has fed,
  My pity rises more and more.

The flower that loves the warmth and light,
  Has all its mornings bathed in dew;
My heart has moments wet with tears,
  My weakness is they are so few.

Here is the saddest curse of liquor:

The little ones are put to bed,
  And both are laughing lying down;
Their father, and their mother, too,
  Are gone on Christmas eve to town.

The father and mother return intoxicated and this is the doleful story:

No horse, no doll beside their bed,
  No sadder little ones could be;
"We did some wrong," said little Will—
  "We must have sinned," sobbed Emily.

Again in another poem he says:

I do not know his grace the Duke
  Outside whose gilted gate there died
Of want a feeble, poor old man,
  With but his shadow at his side.

. . . . . .

But well I know the homeless waif,
  Fed by the poorest of the poor;
Since I have seen that child alone,
  Crying against a bolted door.

No wonder that from such an one would come this interpretation of "A Plain Life":

No idle gold—since this fine sun, my friend,
Is no mean miser, but doth freely spend.

No precious stones—since these green mornings show,
Without a charge, their pearls where'er I go.

No lifeless books—since birds with their sweet tongues
Will read aloud to me their happier songs.

No painted scenes—since clouds can change their skies
A hundred times a day to please my eyes.

No headstrong wine—since, while I drink, the spring
Into my eager ears will softly sing.

No surplus clothes—since every simple beast
Can teach me to be happy with the least.

Nor is it any wonder that he has reached at times the profundities where speech and song give way to silence. In his adoration of "The Moon" he says:

Though there are birds that sing this night
  With thy white beams across their throats,

Let my deep silence speak for me
More than for them their sweetest notes:
Who worship thee till music fails,
Is greater than thy nightingales.

There is little in this American collection to suggest the wanderings of its author and the spiritual entanglements of his tramp life. But here is a revelation of the agonies that are not physical, the pangs deeper than hunger:

When I was once in Baltimore,
A man came up to me and cried,
"Come, I have eighteen hundred sheep,
And we will sail on Tuesday's tide.

"If you will sail with me, young man,
I'll pay you fifty shillings down;
These eighteen hundred sheep I take
From Baltimore to Glasgow town."

He paid me fifty shillings down,
I sailed with eighteen hundred sheep;
We soon had cleared the harbor's mouth,
We soon were in the salt sea deep.

The first night we were out at sea
Those sheep were quiet in their mind;
The second night they cried with fear—
They smelt no pastures in the wind.

They sniffed, poor things, for their green fields,
They cried so loud I could not sleep:
For fifty thousand shillings down
I would not sail again with sheep.

I have introduced you to a story not so strange as it would seem, a story not often found in books but I fear too often found in life. It is a story that lands a Super-Tramp at our very doors. And what Davies tells with simple frankness has been told to some of us, perhaps to most of us, by the Rev. Irwin St. John Tucker, President of our Hobo College, who through the winter works with and for the men off the road here in Chicago, men who seek the quiet alcoves of our best libraries, often working out lines of study which are strange to most of us.

This is something more than the story of one man, we find its parallel all round us.

Do you remember that Francis Thompson traveled the streets of London, peddling pencils; that John Masefield was driven to tend bar in New York City during his early career, and that John Davidson at fifty-one years of age escaped starvation through suicide? It is said that Gibson, whom we have learned to love, had his shepherd experience.

These men are not peculiar for they have classic parallels. Thomas Chesterton at eighteen, a hundred and thirty-nine years before Davidson, found no way out of hunger and loneliness except the way out of life. Charles Lamb realized with sadness the condition he had been in when he went to bed by finding in the morning his clothes all neatly folded and put away. The demoralizations of drink were nothing unusual as witnessed in the life of Bobby Burns, Edgar Allan Poe and numberless others who were brands literally snatched from the burning. They were saved only by the irresistible power of an unconquerable genius.

But there is something more profound than a temperance lesson though that is surely here. Were the temptations into which these poets fell kept from them, and from less worthy children, the curse of drink would cease to thwart the creative possibilities of the expanding souls of men. There is something more here than this personal entanglement with an appetite uncontrollable, and that something more is in the triumph of it all. There is an urge in human nature as profound and cosmic as that which in the lower realms of nature drives the salmon up stream, over dams, out of the sea into the fresh water that the cycle of life may be perpetuated, the same impulse that leads eels to find nesting places not yet discovered by science. There is something in human nature implanted by the power that formed the stars, like unto that blind instinct of the Norwegian lemming, the little squirrel like creatures who periodically yield to an impulse to migrate, travel westward, across rivers and mountains until at last they find the sea that stops them not and there they lose themselves.

I take this life into this desk this morning not primarily to interest you in one of the new poets of the times, nor to force upon your attention one more lesson is temperance, one more warning against the seductions of the cup, but because in this blind groping of a child of God we are in the presence of something that proves

That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.
The sphere of the supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.
The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer.

In 1868 Elizabeth C. Clephane, in Melrose, Scotland, wrote a little poem about a wandering sheep. For six years it slumbered in the corner of a current newspaper. In 1874, under special impulse, Sankey, companion of Moody and interpreter of Moody's message, laid the newspaper slip on his piano and improvised a song which has been doing revival work from that time to this. It pleads for those who are "out on the hills . . . away on the mountains wild and bare," traveling the way that is "rough and steep," promising a shepherd who will go to the desert to find the missing sheep. The hymn breaks out at last in the triumphant cry, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own." Narrowly interpreted the "Shepherd" that goes in search of the lost sheep is the tender heart of the Nazarene, and is fitting teaching in that sense. But I prefer this morning to believe that the universe will not permit a wandering lamb to be lost. I prefer to believe that there is hope for the hopeless and a destiny before the human soul that cannot be circumscribed or prevented by untoward circumstances or by waywardness of will.

So today let us find a lesson in this strangely inspiring story of a heart that passed through the degradation of a vagrant life without having the inner soul stained, or weakened or crippled.

Shaw calls attention to the startling fact that unlike the poetry of Kipling, this man who has experienced this life and tried to interpret it in these pages, has put into his interpretation no wayward speech, no vulgar slang, no violation of the king's English, no indignities to good taste, and he seems to have been always inoculated with the faith that saves the soul from degeneracy. This little book commends itself to the fireside, steeped as it is in human sympathy, touched ever with beauty, enkindled always with high dreams and above all with loving sympathy with nature.

The shepherd that seeks the wandering sheep today, that searches through the arms of the Nazarene and speaks in the words of the prophets, is he who shepherds the stars, is he who guides the planets. Deathlessness is the destiny of the human soul. Purity is its home. Salvation is forced upon the human, and though in terms of time and earth the method is unknown, because the soul has been tuned to spring time and summer harvest and winter, it survives all shocks. The power that established the order of the seasons has in charge the soul that loves it.

Father, make us glad that we are here. Give to us the joy of life that we may spread the gospel of courage and witness to the abounding triumphs of love. Amen.

Pacifism in England

One of our leading Baptist ministers, Rev. Thomas Phillips of Bloomsburg, has had the courage to say publicly, what many Christians have said privately, that the church should do something to reunite the fibers of a torn and broken world. The Niagara of bloodshed on the battlefields appals all peace lovers—even the peace lovers who feel that we have really been fighting for three years to ensure peace and who have no shadow of doubt whatever as to the righteousness of the allied cause and the absolute and imperative necessity for freeing the world from Prussian militarism.

These good peace-loving people are baffled. Every door to peace seems slammed and there are many Christians in England who have qualms of misgiving when they see that the only people who are groping, however blindly, towards peace are the Socialistic Internationals. Some Christian people are beginning to wonder whether the Church of Christ was wisely guided when, at the outset of war, it took, as aid all the belligerent countries, the purely national and patriotic line. They argue thus: As citizens of a state entering on what they firmly believed to be a righteous and unavoidable war, they had no option but to throw their all into the awful conflict and withhold no sacrifice to bear down the menace of Germany's aggressive militarism. But they wonder now whether in their second capacity as citizens of an unrealized ideal Kingdom of God, they ought not to have sustained a synchronous witness to peace among men.

Such an attitude would have involved an apparently inconsistent dualism; but it might have saved the Church of Christ from its present impotence, which leads cynics to say that during the war there is a moratorium on the Sermon on the Mount. I have heard this line of argument from men who have suffered, without repining, awful losses through the war. I heard it from a Christian minister who had lost two sons in the war, and who feels that they fell in a righteous and holy cause. But the collapse of the Church's witness to peace distressed him and he feared the equivocal position into which the Church will be thrust after the war when it has to reassert its loyalty to the Christian principles of brotherhood and peace.

London Correspondent in The Congregationalist for September 20.

THE STUDY TABLE

Notes

The report of the meeting of the Federated Churches, which was held in Washington last May, has been published in a volume of one hundred and fifty pages, under the editorship of Charles S. McFarland, general secretary. The meeting, it will be remembered, was called for council regarding the work of the churches in war time. It is a clarion call to meet the call to service arising from the confusion into which the thought of the world is thrown, and the assembling of large numbers of young men in camps without the normal social restraints of home life. The volume contains the report of addresses by such men as President King, John R. Mott, Raymond Robins, and Robert E. Speer.

Bishop Charles D. Williams of Michigan, who has endeared himself to all lovers of progress toward democracy by his heroic challenging with voice and pen of the old order, is the author of another book. The volume consists of a number of addresses arranged under the general heading: "The Christian Ministry and Social Problems." The Bishop is unafraid. He boldly sets forth the spirit of the old individualism, and points to the consequent injustice and trouble. He assumes all the while that it is the business of the church to understand and interpret the new social conscience of the day and ask men to come up to its demands. He writes with what the reporters call "punch." For instance: "The faith of the business ideal that is passing is that the iron law of business alone is practicable. The golden rule will not work. The Sermon on the Mount practically applied would wreck society and consequently the demand is "to keep it for sermons and offertory anthems on Sunday. But don't let it leak over into Monday." But he admits that this point of view is passing and that we are coming rapidly to the recognition of the demands of conscience. In this it is the business of the church to lead.

There is nothing strikingly new in the book and its author modestly says that he does not claim this for it; but sends it forth in the hope that continual strokes may arouse all the more quickly the church and especially the Christian ministry to the task of leadership in social progress. The word is needed. For many are the churches which still long for the good old gospel apart from its social application, and sometimes it would seem that a few preachers remain who are conscious of this feeling on the part of the churches, or else they themselves are unaware of the demands of the new social conscience. All such should read carefully this delightfully written volume, published by the Macmillan Company. H. F. B.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Charles W. Casson, Francis A. Christie, Percy M. Dawson, Charles F. Dole, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, David Starr Jordan, Newton Mann, George Grover Mills, Joseph Newton, William M. Salter, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Albert R. Vail, Arthur L. Weatherly, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

BOOKS RECEIVED

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO.
The Soldier's Service Dictionary. Edited by Frank H. Vizetelly. $1.00.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.
Is Christianity Practicable? William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D. $1.25.
A Social Theory of Religious Education. George Albert Coe.
The Basis for Durable Peace. Cosmos.

SHERMAN FRENCH & COMPANY.
The Philosophy of Christian Being. Walter E. Brandenburg, A.M. $1.20.
Vagrant Visions. Edith Fargo Andrews.
Modernist Studies in the Life of Jesus. Ray Oakley Miller. 80 cts.

MACMILLAN COMPANY.
A League to Enforce Peace. Robert Goldsmith.
The Work of Preaching. Arthur S. Hoyt, D.D. $1.50.
The Best Man I Know. Wm. De Witte Hyde.

THE PILGRIM PRESS.
The Prodigal Son Ten Years Later. John Andrew Holmes, D.D.

GEORGE W. MOYLE PUBLISHING CO.
God vs. Mammon. Horace Mann, M.S.

THE PANDECT PUBLISHING COMPANY.
The Conversion of Hamilton Wheeler. Prescott Locke.

HUEBSCH, B. W.
Your Part in Poverty. George Lounsbury.
Second Wind. Freeman Tilden. $1.00.

STURGES & WALTON CO.
The Labor Movement. Harry F. Ward. $1.35.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual statement of the Northern Insurance Co., of Moscow, Russia, on the 31st day of Dec. 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$200,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	724,295.57
Interest and dividends	39,698.21
Total income	$763,993.78

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during year	396,738.30
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	9,434.58
Commissions or brikerage	214,127.61
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employees	500.00
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, tec.	134.93
Legal expenses	346.48
corps, fees etc.	370.49
Fire department and salvage	
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees	139.86
Other licenses, fees and taxes	1,196.80
All othr disbursements	18,935.67
Total Disbursements	$ 641,645.00

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	1.025,461.89
Cash in office and bank	59,659.96
Other ledger assets	5,479.09
Total Ledger Assets	$1,129,113.20

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest accrued	16,359.15
Market value of real estate, bosds and stocks over book value	36,993.11
Total Admitted Assets	$1,182,465.46

LIABILITIES.

Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	84,155.05
Total unearned premiums	546,263.59
Salaries, renst, bills, taxes, etc.	10,000.00
Commissions and brokerage	5,000.00
Total Liabilities	645,418.64
Surplus as regards policy holders	537,046.82
Total	$1,182,465.46

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$5,440,823.00
Total premiums received during the year	46,554.60
Total losses incurred year	15,872.27

R. H. FOLSOM, United States Manager.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of February, 1917.
HELEN NESTLER, Notary Public.
(SEAL)

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual statement of the Moscow Fire Insurance Co. of Moscow, Russia, on the 31st day of Dec. 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock up in cash	$200,000.00

INCOME

Premiums received during the year	$1,998,405.75
Interest, rents, and dividends	80,653.54
Total income	$2,079,059.29

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during year	$1,130,627.45
Remitted to Home Office	114,325.44
Commissions or brokerage	607,323.65
Salaries, fese and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employees	500.00
Advertising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	143.21
Underwriters' boards, fire department and salvage corps, fees, etc.	6,717,84
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees,	28,022.81
Other licenses, fees taxes	2,107.04
Total disbursments	$1,889,767.44

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds	$2,141,014.63
Cash in office and bank	202,876.25
Agents' balances	56,656.32
Total Ledges Assets	$2,400,547.20

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	18,416.64
Gross Assets	$2,418,963.84

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Book value, bonds over market value	$31,254.63
Total Admitted Assets	$2,387,709.21

LIABILITIES.

Losses in procss of adjustments or in suspense $312,118.00	
Net amount of unpaid losses	$312,118.00
Total unearned premiums	1,384,641.72
Salaries, renst, bills, taxes	40,486.05
Commissions and brokerage	3,177.28
Total Liabilities	$1,740,423.05
Surplus as regards policy holders	647,286.16
Total —	$2,387,709.21

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$10,280,572.00
Total premiums received during the year	104,356.27
Total losses paid	51,520.65
Total losses incurred during the year	52,818.65

PAUL E. RASON,
United States Manager.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of Jan. 1917.
CHAS. MORROW, Notary Public
(SEAL)

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual statement of the Union & Phenix Espanol Insurance Co. of Madrid. Spain; U. S. Office, New York City, in the State of New York on the 31st day of December, 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$200,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	1,229,119.07
Interest, rents, and dividends	57,659.62
Total income	$1,286.778.69

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	651.861.98
xpenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	11,595.36
Commissions or brokerage	385,807.14
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employees	600.00
Avertising, printing and stationery, postage etc.	88.18
Legal expenses, furniture, fixtures and maps	346.48
Underwriters' boards, fire department and salvage corps, fees, etc.	965.79
State, insurance department taxes and fees	12,160.84
Other licenses, fees and taxes	3,150.25
All other disbursements	38,799.58
Total disbursements	$1,105,375.60

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	1,371,676.46
Cash in office and bank	198,100.48
Agents' balances	37,977.14
Total Ledger Assets	$1,607,754.08

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	19,294.95
Market value of real estate, bonds and stocks over book value	4,223.54
Total Admitted Assets	$1,631,272.57

LIABILITIES.

Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	205,360.81
Net amount of unpaid losses	921,707.31
Salaries, rents, bills, taxes, etc.	16,000.00
Commissions and brokreage	5,000.00
Total Liabilities	$1,148,068.12
Surplus as regards policy holders	483,204.45
Total	$1,631,272.57

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	$10,910,140.00
Total premiums received the year	102,554.12
Total losses paid	59,514.34
Total lossse incurred during the year	57,806.46

R. H. FOLSOM,
Of Foster and Folsom, U. S. Manager.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of February, 1917.
HELEN NESTLER, Notary Public.
(SEAL)

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual statemnet of the Warsaw Fire Insurance Co. of Warsaw, Russia, on the 31st day of Dec. 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$200,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums receivde during the year	446,682.98
Interest, rents, and dividends	31,449.82
Total Income	$478,132.80

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	230,102.17
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	4,172.51
Commissions or brokerake	127,494.70
Salaries, fes and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employees	510.00
Advrtising, printing and stationery, postage, etc.	26.28
Legal expenses, furniture, fixtures and maps	1,073.99
Underwriters' boards, fire department and salvage corps, fees, etc.	342.16
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees	1,269.46
Other licenses, fees and taxes	808.94
Loss on sale or maturity of ledger assets	954.81
All other disbursements	20.566.19
Total Disbursemnets	$387,321.21

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	$645,590.84
Cash in office and bank	88,190.73
Agents' balances	43,029.07
Total Ledger Assets	$776,810.64

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	7,892.47
Market value of real estate, bonds and stocks over book value	20,979.16
Total Admittde Assets	$805,682,27

LIABILITIES.

Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense	72,137.31	
Total	72,137.31	
Net amount of unpaid losses		72,137.31
Total unearned premiums		303,286.47
Salaries, rents, bills, atxes etc.		8,000.00
Commissions and brokerage		5,000.00
Total Liabilities		$388,423.78
Surplus as regard policy holders		417,258.49
Total		$805,682.27

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total risks taken during the year	1,037,536.00
Total premiums received during the year	13,225.87
Total losses paid	7,771.93
Total losses incurred during the year	10,000.82

FOSTER & FOLSOM, Inc.
U. S. Managers.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of February, 1917.
HELEN NESTLER, Notary Public.
(SEAL)

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual statement or the American Surety Co. of New York, in the State of New York, on the 31st day of Dec. 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$5,000,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	3,835,690.85
Int. rents and dividends	512,099.23
From other sources	7,709.00
Profit on sale or maturity of ledger assets	27,767.30
Increase in book value of ledger assets	275,162.80
Total income	$4,658,429.18

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during year	$628,794.84
Investigation and adjustment of claims	97,512.12
Borrowed money, checks in process of collection	2,013.46
Commission or brokerage	622,953.39
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employees	1,287,293.07
Rents	58,330.84
Rpeairs, expenses and taxes on real estate	267,308.62
All other taxes, licenses and insurance depart. fees	96,828.59
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	62,674,96
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	47,312.19
Stockholders for interest or dividends	300,000.00
All other disbursements,	31,635.31
Agents' balances charged off	39,042.71
Loss on sale or maturity of ledges assets	79,438.44
Decreas in book value of ledger assets	154,041.25
Total Disbursements	$3,775.179.79

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of real estate	$3,166.047.91
Mortgage loans on real estate	75,821.89
Loans on collateral security	205,116.28
Book value of bonds & stocks	4,333,421.33
Cash on hand and in bank	1,149,819.87
Premiums in course of collection	775,515.95
Other ledger assets	478,168.74
Total ledger assets	$10,183,911.97

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	40,506.25
Market value of real estate, bonds and stocks over book value	248,952.09
Gross assets	$10,473,370.31

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Gross premiums in course of collection	291,019.12	
Book value of real estate, bonds and stocks over market value	116,331.33	
Other unadmitted assets	7,400.56	
Special deposits over liabilities	201,092.12	
		615,873,13
Total admitted assets		$9,857,497.18

LIABILITIES.

Net amount of unpaid losses	$789,826.36
stimated expensse of investigation and adjustment of unpaid claims	25,000.00
Total unearned premiums	2,267.458.08
Commission and brokerae	77,616.39
Salaries, rnets, bills, etc.	67,075.60
State, county and municipal taxes	67,080.01
Return and re-insurance premiums	5,794.90
Other liabilities	275,243.65
Total liabilities excluding capital	$3,575,822.99

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total premiums received during the year	$274,932.32
Total losses paid during year	24,669.91

F. W. LAFRENTZ, Pres.
CHAS. W. BOETCHIUS, Sec.

Subscrib ed and sworn to before me this 29th day of Jan., 1917.
W. E. LLOYD, Notary Public.
(SEAL)

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual Statement of the Commonwealth Casualty Company of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the 31st day of December, 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$152,215.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$188,298.79
Policy fees required or represented by application	14,013.00
Interest, rents and dividends	7,567.79
From other sources	3,611.12
Total income	$213,490.70

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 57,727.13
Investigation and adjustment of claims	931.15
Policy fees retained by agents	13,998.50
Commission or brokerage	50,467.08
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	27,217.50
Rents	3,058.17
All other taxes, licenses and insurance department fees	5,239.78
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	3,699.66
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	2,495.59
Stockholders for interest or dividends (inclusive 50 M stock dividend)	61,000.00
All other disbursements	31,983.81
Total disbursements	$257,818.37

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	$179,590.62
Cash on hand and in bank	21,029.84
Premiums in course of collection.	3,934 87
Other ledger assets	7,475.88
Total ledger assets	$212,031.21

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	$ 1,495.00
Gross assets	$213,526.21

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Agents' balances	$ 524.74	
Furniture, fixtures, supplies, printed matter and stationery	4,000.00	
Book value of real estate, bonds and stocks over market value	6,990.62	
Other unadmitted assets.	233.33	
		11,748.69
Total admitted assets		$201,777.52

LIABILITIES.

Net amount of unpaid losses	$ 1,900.22
Expense of investigation and adjustment of unpaid claims	150.00
Total unearned premiums	16,062.82
Commission and brokerage	786.97
Salaries, rents, bills, etc.	1,543.37
State, county and municipal taxes	3,500.00
Other liabilities	1,945.27
Total liabilities excluding capital	$25,888.65

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total premiums received during the year	$ 1,284.65
Total losses paid during the year.	244.54

I. N. STEVENS, President.
E. S. COOK, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of October, 1917.
[SEAL] JOSHUA R. MORGAN,
Notary Public.
My commission expires Jan. 22, 1921.
Commissioner for Illinois in .....

PHONE DREXEL 1732

Staples Sales Company Incorporated.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

4004-4006-COTTAGE GROVE AVE
CHICAGO

REEDY'S MIRROR — Unique Among Publications

It is devoted to a breezy and unconventional discussion of the larger issues of politics, sociology, economics, art, letters, music, finance.

Its point of view is tolerantly human rather than academic. Liberalism, as distinct from precipitate radicalism, is its policy. It strives for the best quality in its literary features, stories, essays, poetry, reviews, etc. Its financial articles are as well thought as written, for the public, not for the broker. It is not a society paper and it has no religious affiliations or inclinations.

It is a paper that arouses interest and provokes discussion. Each issue has an interest that persists beyond the concerns of the immediate hour. It is readable any time—anywhere.

$3 a year—Send for sample copy.

REEDY'S MIRROR, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK

GREGG SHORTHAND MEANS OPPORTUNITY

for patriotic service in business and in the Civil Service. Stenographers are urgently needed everywhere.

GREGG SHORTHAND training saves time in learning, makes expert stenographers and assures good positions to graduates.

GREGG SCHOOL is delightfully located. All rooms are light, well ventilated, splendidly equipped, and the environment the best. In the matter of personal instruction, a genuine interest in each student and in every detail that makes progress resultful, the school is unequalled.

START ANY MONDAY—DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS

WRITE or telephone (Randolph 6040) for catalogue. A visit to the school is the best way in which to judge of the many exclusive advantages enjoyed by our students. (We do not employ solicitors, canvassers or agents.)

GREGG SCHOOL

6 N. Michigan Ave., Corner Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

DREXEL Motor Livery

Telephone { Oakland 100 / Drexel 5-1288

4051 Drexel Blvd.

Pierce Arrow, Packard and Stearns

LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE

Our Rates Lowest in Chicago

Let Us Hear from Lincoln Centre If It Pays to Advertise

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue